

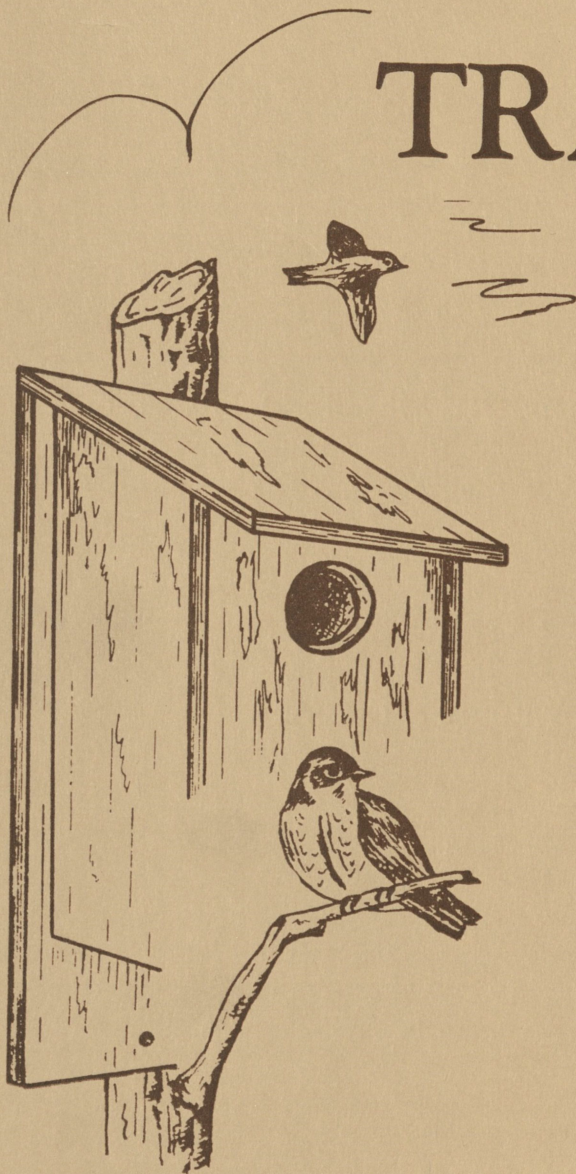
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PEQUOT

TRAILS



Published Quarterly by the Pequot-sepos Wildlife Sanctuary, Incorporated
MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT

The Pequot-sepos Wildlife Sanctuary

INCORPORATED
MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT

CURATOR
WILLIAM WYLIE

A CONSERVATION PROGRAM OF EDUCATION AND RECREATION FOR
CHILDREN AND ADULTS

WHAT IS THE PEQUOT-SEPOS WILDLIFE SANCTUARY?

The Pequot-sepos Wildlife Sanctuary is a non-profit organization incorporated under the laws of the state of Connecticut for the purpose of promoting a community program of conservation education. The program includes work for the preservation and restoration of our natural resources.

It is a unique community enterprise in that it is supported entirely by interested citizens through memberships and contributions.

THE PEQUOT-SEPOS WILDLIFE SANCTUARY:

Maintains 125 acres of land for the purpose of teaching others the ways and values of protection and restoration of our birds, wildlife and other natural resources.

Maintains a trailside museum and a series of nature trails which tell the story of nature in a most instructive and fascinating manner.

In co-operation with the schools, girl scouts, boy scouts, community centers and other youth organizations, promotes a program of conservation education for children.

Conducts a year around program of field trips and activities for members.

Operates a bird-banding station in conjunction with the United States Fish and Wildlife Service and co-operates with state and local conservation agencies.

Through personal guidance of the Curator, serves as a source of information and help on local and national conservation problems.

Furnishes information relative to the value of conservation to many individuals and organizations through correspondence, the press, and lectures.

Pursues a long range development program that insures a permanent and increasing-ly beneficial service to all local communities.

PEQUOT TRAILS

Vol. XIII

Summer 1961

No. 2

Fall Field Trips to Begin on Saturday, September 2

The response to the Sanctuary sponsored Spring and Fall Saturday morning field trips has been most rewarding. The trips have proved quite popular and the birding has been up to expectations. These off-the-Sanctuary trips are designed primarily for birds and other forms of wildlife and not for the express purpose of visiting unique and interesting spots of scenic interest. Since these trips are conducted during the spring and fall migration periods, the bird life can be expected to change from week to week. For example, if you were to visit Napatree Point every Saturday during September and October you would find that the bird population, as to species and numbers, would change continuously. This will, it is hoped by your Curator, explain the reason for visiting the same place more than once during the spring or fall.

Your Curator will welcome any suggestions for possible field trips in the future. An effort is being made to conduct these trips to places where the birding is known to be good. Undoubtedly, some good areas are being overlooked. It is up to you to inform the Curator of these other spots. This will be your only official notice of the Fall field trips, so mark your calendar now. An effort will be made to have these field trip notices in the Mystic section of the New London Day and the West-erly Sun on the Thursday preceding each trip.

September 2, 7:00 a.m., Barn Island

September 9, 7:00 a.m., Mt. Tom

September 16, 7:00 a.m., Napatree Point.

September 23, 7:00 a.m., Kimball Sanctuary

September 30, 7:00 a.m., Napatree

Point

October 7, 7:00 a.m., Bluff Point

October 14, 7:00 a.m., Harkness Memorial Park

October 21, 7:00 a.m., Napatree Point

October 28, 7:00 a.m., Mystic River

Saturday, Sept. 2, Barn Island

The Barn Island trips have always been very popular, so it is only natural that they should be conducted again this fall. Early arrivals in waterfowl and herons will be our main interest, but land birding should also be quite good at this time of year in the upland areas. Local people can meet at the Sanctuary parking lot at 6:45 a.m. or on the Barn Island road at 7:00. Turn off U.S. No. 1 on the Greenhaven Road and take the immediate right to Barn Island. The official starting point will be at the R.R. crossing on this road.

Saturday, Sept. 9, Mt. Tom

Please refer to "Hawk Migration Field Trip Planned" on page 12.

Saturday, Sept. 16, Napatree Point

Napatree Point is well known in this area, and is undoubtedly the best shore birding spot along our immediate coast. The middle of September should prove interesting for sandpipers and plovers on many species. Leave the Sanctuary parking lot at 6:30 a.m. or meet at 7:00 a.m. at the parking lot of the Watch Hill Yacht Club. Come prepared to walk about three miles along the sandy beach.

Saturday, Sept. 23, Kimball Sanctuary

The Kimball is one of the Rhode Island Audubon Society Sanctuaries and has been a sanctuary for nearly thirty-five years. It is located about three miles off U. S. No. 1 opposite the Charlestown Naval Air Station next to Burlingame State Park. This trip will leave the Pequot-sepos parking lot at

PEQUOT TRAILS

Published quarterly, Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter, by the Pequot-sepos Wildlife Sanctuary, Inc., Mystic, Conn.

A Statement of Purpose:

We want this publication to be of the utmost service to you—to keep you informed concerning activities at the Sanctuary and in your community; to invite your participation in these activities; and to provide you with general articles of education and inspiration regarding conservation subjects. Won't you drop us a line and tell us what you would like to see published? We would appreciate it.

William Wylie, Curator
Tel. Mystic Jefferson 6-9248

6:30 a.m. and should arrive at the Kimball near 7:00 a.m. This area should be good for late fall migrants, as well as having one of the best developed bird feeding stations known to your Curator.

Saturday, Sept. 30, Napatree Point

This is the second of three trips to Napatree this fall. The physical arrangements for this trip will be the same as for the trip of September 16. Two weeks should show a marked change in shore birds and other migrants in this area. Your Curator made a number of personal early morning trips to Napatree last fall and had exceptional luck. Join this trip and see for yourself.

Saturday, Oct. 7, Bluff Point

The Bluff Point trip is another favorite of our members, and I see people on this trip that I don't see at any

other time of the year. A combination of land birds, shore birds, and waterfowl combine to make this trip the interesting one that it is. In case you have forgotten, this is the point of land that the State of Connecticut has just acquired for a new State Park. Leave the Sanctuary parking lot at 6:45 a.m., or meet at the Groton Town Hall, Poquonnock Bridge, at 7:00 a.m. Mr. Walter J. Moran will again be the leader for this trip.

Saturday, Oct. 14, Harkness Memorial Park

Harkness Park is a favorite birding spot of many of our New London members. Trips to the park in the past have proved worth while so it has now become an annual event. Leave from the Sanctuary parking lot at 6:30 a.m. or meet at the parking lot at Harkness at 7:00 a.m. This park is located on Great Neck Road, Waterford.

Saturday, Oct. 21, Napatree Point

This is the third and last trip to Napatree this fall. The same arrangements hold for this trip as for the first trip on September 16. The shore birds should be fewer in numbers by this time, but definitely different as to species. Some early arriving waterfowl should also be observed at this time.

Saturday, Oct. 28, Mystic River

A trip to check the bird life on and around the Mystic River at this time of year should be interesting. Many migrants should be in by now. The trip will start from the Sanctuary parking lot at 7:00 a.m. and the exact route will be planned at that time. Join us here, and let's get a good count on the river.

President's Corner

Bunny is gone; something tragic must have happened. It has been more than six weeks, now, since he has sat upon our lawn and Ohio Belle has stopped watching for him. Belle, of course, is our beagle and she and Bunny were on a first-name basis. A woodchuck has moved in but he is completely antisocial and merely gets roared at by Belle during his infrequent appearances. Bunny was different.

Shortly after Easter 1958, a small rabbit appeared in our garden. He was

most welcome. I rather believe he was some child's Easter bunny that was fortunate enough to escape the status of a toy. Any way, it did not seem to alarm him unduly when Belle started to stalk him. He merely sat there on the lawn and when Belle drew near, skipped along a few jumps and sat down again. This eventually became a standard procedure.

The stalk was developed by Belle from her associations with the squirrels of Central Park and the parks of

Washington. The technique was most satisfactory to her and posed no particular threat to the squirrel. It consisted of a belly-to-the-ground creep, with frequent pauses for ferocious glares—tiger stuff—then a rush to the tree up which the squirrel had scampered. That move ended that particular game and a new squirrel was then in order.

The technique was used on Bunny. He did not climb trees, of course, but merely ran in circles until he tired of the game, whereupon he simply skipped through the fence that surrounds our yard and sat down to think things over. This was the signal for loud "here he is" roars from Belle, which did not seem to alarm Bunny particularly but did appear to make Belle feel better. A real friendship seemed to develop between these ill assorted playmates and upon the return from a trip away from town, Belle always went directly to the yard to look for Bunny. He usually was sitting there, with a blade of grass nonchalantly sticking out of the corner of his mouth and wobbling his nose. A chase was immediately in order, of course.

Then came Hurricane Donna and two feet or so of salt water backed up into our area. The leaves fell from the dogwood, the azaleas died and, when we did not see Bunny for a couple of days, we feared the worst. He had, some time before, developed a hideout in the stone wall at the foot of the garden and we could visualize a little wet, matted corpse back in some cranny. But no, very shortly Bunny was back at the old

stand, being chased daily, as usual.

After Donna came the lamentable winter of 1960-61. What Donna had started, the winter did its best to finish. More shrubs perished, a peach tree gave up the ghost. We put out carrots, cabbage, apples, lettuce and anything else we thought might help Bunny tide over the bad season. These he accepted but also seemed to relish the grain spilled by the birds from the feeder. So passed the cold, dreary days, fraught with danger from roaming dogs, hunting cats and other neighborhood perils. Bunny handled them all with skill and aplomb and ended up the winter fat and frisky.

When the going got really tough, he would step through the fence into our garden, where cats came at their peril, where roaming dogs could not enter and where an unobstructed view could be had in all directions. Whatever stalks Belle attempted were handled with no trouble—very often one small chase was sufficient for Belle who would then go off on other important projects.

But, after three years of signal successes, Bunny must either have let his guard down in an off moment or contracted some disease. Rabbits, after all, are fairly fragile creatures and their life expectancy is not great. The fact remains, however, that he is no longer with us and our garden seems distressingly empty; we feel as though we had lost a friend. He put a great deal of fun and laughter into our lives and we miss him!

—W.D.I.D.

Bird of the Month

Eastern Red-Wing Blackbird (*Agelaius Phoeniceus Phoeniceus*)

The red wing blackbird, with his colorful chevrons, or epaulets, calls to mind immediately a resplendent uniformed officer, and, with his living so close to the water, an officer of the Navy or the Merchant Marine. To those of us who remember the motion picture Captain's Paradise, there is another similarity. The male is quite likely to be polygamous; not, of course, like all such officers—that would be a cruel canard—but like the one portrayed by Alec Guinness in that charming picture. For, early in March the redwings come back from the Southern States. The males come first and select their territories. Nesting begins about the middle of April and is not in full swing until the middle or last of May. Even at this time immature females are still arriving and sometimes they settle down in the territories of mated pairs, so that, like the adventurous Captain in the motion picture, the dashing officer, with his epaulets, divides his time between two wives in different ports.

Many of the early nests in May (10th to 25th) are capsized by the growing vegetation to which one side may be fastened, with a resultant loss of eggs; second-brood nests are more firmly suspended. June and July nestings indicate second broods. Like their oriole cousins, they are skillful builders, weaving their nests of grasses and sedges into the upright forks of willow trees and elder shrubs, or between the cattail rushes in the marsh. So securely is it fastened, that the nest cannot be taken away without parts of its framework. The usual height in rushes is eighteen inches, but nests have been found at thirty feet in big willows, or practically on the ground in grass. The three to five eggs are pale blue, scrawled, spotted and blotched with black, dark brown and purple. The young are hatched in eleven days and leave the nest in ten or eleven more.

The immature birds are streaked gray and black, like the mature females, although generally darker above and tinged with buff below; but before fall these feathers are shed and the young males more closely resemble the old males, except that their shoulders are orange instead of red and the black feathers are more broadly edged with brown.

The redwing prefers wet areas and is usually found in swamps, but it gets along very well in high grass. The redwing does not seem to be as numerous as it once was for such large flocks, as once seen in migration, are no longer observed. The southward movement begins in October and by the end of that month all but a few birds are gone. A few may linger into November.

The redwing's colorful markings are not his only military resemblance. When the hosts gather in late summer they appear to be an army, excitedly jabbering and all confusion. But at some unknown signal the host will suddenly rise, wheel and turn with a military precision little short of marvelous.

The male, in courting, spreads his wings and tail, puffs out his feathers, and raises his flaming shoulder-patches, as he chants his song. Once established, he is bold in defending his territory. His mate is a true housewife, quieter in manner and dress and, without her husband's help, builds her nest and incubates her young.

They are a gregarious bird and seek membership in large associations. In a roost in the Allegheny River, protected by the Audubon Society of Western Pennsylvania, ten to fifteen thousand birds have been observed settling for the night. Another roost of redwings and bronzed grackles is likened to a black cloud, with the sound of the wings as they suddenly rise en masse from the cattails resembling distant thunder.

While such masses of redwings may do considerable damage to grain-field crops, they feed on many crop-destroying insects, and a big flock of them sweeping over a field can rid it of pests in moments. In fall they turn to weed seeds and unharvested grain.

One writer calls their song a gurgling, liquid **conk-kar-ree**, running up the scale and ending in a trill. Another describes them chanting a **quong, quong, quee**. Those who visit our feeder from the nearby swamps sing a different tune, or at least so it seems to me. But, of course, they are more often just clucking at the cat. But who can describe a bird-song and put it into words? Can you do so with Beethoven's **Eroica**, or Tchaikovsky's **Pathetique**? Your best bet is to listen for yourself, and, drawing upon your own imagination, put it into your own words, if you can.

Following his usual reforestation program, Curator Wylie in the spring set out 350 white pine seedlings, 80 hemlock seedlings and 50 larch, with the help of two troops of local Boy Scouts. The trees came from the Pach-aug State Tree Nursery.

The future of your Sanctuary de-

pends on **you**. For the future of America its dedication and service to Conservation becomes more important with each passing year; must continue after you are gone. Your present contribution can achieve a kind of immortality for it and you if you will remember us in your will.



Family Tree

The big (7 x 7 ft.) painting by Robert W. Morse, illustrated in this issue, shows the orders and some families of birds and their evolutionary development, from the most primitive up to and including the most recent and highly specialized species, the finches. The archaeopteryx, which lived about 120 million years ago, is the first bird of which we have any fossilized record and is the basic form from which the tree of bird life develops. This strange creature, though still reptilian in form, had true feathers and teeth set in sockets.

Done in oils on untempered masonite, Morse's painting is, perhaps, the most eye-catching of the new exhibits in the Trailside Museum. It springs not only from the authority of books on the subject, but from Morse's own deep knowledge and long interest in wild life. Now twenty-five years old, he graduated from Wilbraham Academy and attended the University of Massachusetts. He attended the Vesper George School of Art in Boston and, at the time of the painting, was with the famed Mystic Seaport in its Department of Exhibit Preparation. A member of the Sanctuary, he was first attracted to it through several members who had been or were employees of the Seaport, and Mystic's nearness to an area and a subject which had always been a large segment of his life interests. The Sanctuary and the Seaport are within easy walking distance of each other, so

it was but a step to working at the Sanctuary when Curator William Wylie enrolled him as a volunteer. His work on the painting reawakened an old desire to make the Sanctuary's interests his career; so that within a matter of weeks after the completion of his painting, Morse decided to enroll himself in Boston University where he intends now to continue his education. His resignation at Mystic Seaport was their loss and Conservation's gain. His removal from Mystic is a distinct loss to the Sanctuary.

Other exhibits arranged by the Curator in the new Museum are a dinosaur group (with background painted by another volunteer and member, Miss May Gardiner), habitat groups on woodcocks and the thrushes of New England. There are exhibits of woods, minerals and sea shore life, and a growing woodland exhibit of plants. Live exhibits include half a dozen native snakes, a flying squirrel and a great horned owl. And there will always be changing exhibits of current interest.

But to Robert W. Morse the Sanctuary is deeply indebted for one of its outstanding displays.

The Annual Meeting

Sunday, June 25

Dr. William A. Niering, professor of botany and ecology at Connecticut College talked on man's role in nature at the annual meeting of the Pequot-sepos Wildlife Sanctuary at the Trailside Museum on the sanctuary grounds.

Dr. Niering stressed the present-day conditions acting against the natural renewal of our wild life, such as the exploding population, its increasing mobility, leisure and spending money. Our largest recreation areas, he pointed out, are predominantly in the West. We need smaller areas close by, more control areas and the preservation of our natural water sheds and marine fisheries. In our own area our swamp bogs and the flood plains of our rivers are being unnecessarily destroyed for development. While they may breed mosquitoes, they are also our most important mineral resource and the basic primary food for sustaining our shell fish off shore and in the estuaries.

He urged the establishment of conservation commissions, gifts of such land by individuals and the use of easements which do not prohibit the sale of the land but allow its natural resources to be preserved. Man must recognize his role in Nature, he concluded.

New Trustees elected for five year terms were Mrs. Paul Moore, Miss May Gardiner, Sheridan Coulson and George A. Dike. Mrs. Margaret MacGregor was elected a trustee for one year with the specific duty of maintaining the membership rolls and in charge of The Trading Post, a work she has been doing for some years.

Officers were elected at a meeting of the Board following the members' meeting. Reelected were Wilson D. I. Domer, president; Mrs. Hugh L. M. Cole, vice president; Malcolm D. MacGregor, treasurer, and MacDonald Steers, secretary.

Special tribute was paid to Augustus Peterle, a trustee, for his outstanding contributions in skills and labor in the erection of the new Trailside Museum opened last May and the Curator's residence now building.

FOLLOW THESE FIVE STEPS, says a Channel 3 advertisement sponsored by The Electric Companies of Connecticut, and you will read a curious story:

1. Aeschylus, the Greek poet, was as bald as Yul Brynner.

2. You have seen seagulls scoop up clams, carry them aloft, then drop them on a rock or hard beach to open them,

and swoop down to dinner.

3. Eagles in Delphi, in Greece, do the same with turtles.

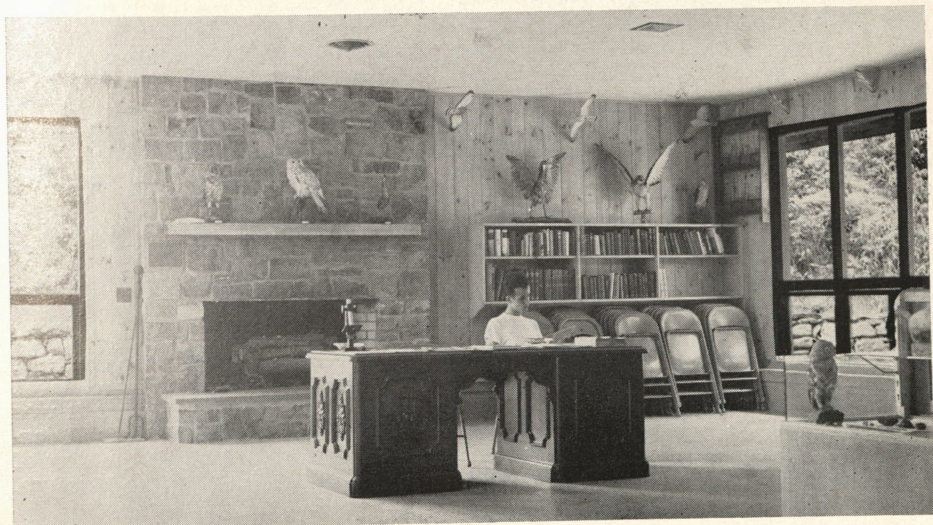
4. Back in 456 B.C. Aeschylus' head looked like a rock to a certain eagle.

5. The eagle dropped his turtle on a shiny object below, which was Aeschylus' head, and that was the end of the Greek poet.



Pictures by Margaret Scheibeler

The desk, given by Mrs. Helen Joy Lee, belonged to her grandfather, a Detroit lawyer. James Frederick Joy worked with Abraham Lincoln on western railroads while Lincoln was practising law in Springfield. Sitting at the desk is Bruce Geyer, now working at the Museum with Curator Wylie, sponsored by the Mystic Garden Club for two weeks of conservation work shop.



President's Report

President Wilson D. I. Domer, in his first annual report, said: "It is a pleasure to welcome the members to our Annual Meeting.

"We have had a good year; a glance about you should bear this out. We have our new Trailside Museum and an anonymous donor has contributed a material amount toward a lovely new home for our Curator. This is now under construction. Thanks to your generosity and to those who have given so unstintingly of their time, we are in a satisfactory financial condition. In this connection, I would particularly express our grateful appreciation to Gus Peterle, without whose help we might not now be sitting in this excellent building; nor would the new home for our Curator be so well under construction. You will be interested, I am sure, in looking over what Gus already has accomplished with the latter building.

"In addition to the Sanctuary, we are maintaining a small exhibit at the Stonington Public Library. At the moment, this exhibit is in the process of being changed.

"While our present financial condition is good, new expenses, both capital and operating, will be coming up and we must depend upon the membership for future solvency and development of the Sanctuary. As you can see, there is still much to be done in the matter of planting and landscaping. New exhibits and equipment also are needed. Some items are already promised and, in the coming year we hope to accomplish a material improvement in our surroundings.

"It may be of interest to some of the members for me to review, very briefly, the conditions under which we, the Sanctuary, exist. The land, some 125 acres, upon which we are located, is leased from the George and Ann Borodell Denison Society for one dollar a year. This is exceedingly generous treatment. The present lease has about ten more years to run and there is incorporated in the terms an option under which we can renew the lease for twenty-five more years. Upon the expiration of that extension, we feel confident that the lease can be continued. It would seem that we are quite securely situated for some time to come.

"We are performing a real service to the community. Our area is maintained as far as possible under natural conditions and such areas are becoming more and more scarce in our highly industrialized East. Classes in nature study are available to Boy and Girl Scout organizations, schools and other groups of like nature. Our Nature Walks are available to all. Our museum is available to Garden Clubs, and others, for their meetings. Some day, the Sanctuary may be a valuable breathing space in a built-up area.

"I am happy to say that our membership is increasing. At the last count, we have 625 members, an increase of about a hundred over the past year. We hope to maintain this rate.

"Our path over the past year has been greatly smoothed by the careful planning and foresight of our predecessors; to them our grateful appreciation. Your enthusiastic support in the years to come will insure our continued operation and service to the community. We are dependent entirely upon you.

"Should there be any questions in your minds, I shall be glad to attempt to answer them at the end of the meeting."

The Curator's Report

The Fourth Year

About seventy-five per cent of my annual report for the past year could be adequately covered by a photograph containing a hammer, saw, square, level, and nail apron. I was checking back the other day and discovered that it was about the 28th of June last year, that Mr. Peterle and I started the actual construction of our new Trailside Museum. From that date until about the first of March this year. I spent the major portion of my time working on the Museum.

Please do not let the above paragraph lead you to believe that your Sanctuary has gone to wrack and ruin, in the past year, from the standpoint of physical appearance and educational value to the community. Far from it. I was able to find sufficient time in the early mornings and evenings to more than keep up with the necessary maintenance. I also took time off, from hammer and saw, to conduct many scheduled groups of children and adults through the Sanctuary grounds. Garden Clubs and school groups, scheduled for field trips, were about on a par with the previous year, but I could see a definite increase in time spent with various scout groups—boy scouts, girl scouts, brownies, and cubs. It is also encouraging to note a lot more work being done with individual scouts, or small groups of scouts, working towards a particular merit badge.

To prevent going into a still more lengthy discussion of my year's activities, I have decided to simply list the chores and duties which keep me more than busy.

1. Worked on new Trailside Museum.
2. Personally conducted more than 75 regularly scheduled field trips both on and off the Sanctuary.
3. Worked with six college conservation workshops.
4. Gave numerous colored slide programs in the area schools.
5. Ecological talks to garden clubs, conservation groups, and Audubon societies.
6. Conducted a course at the Sanctuary in bird identification and appreciation.
7. Supervised and helped to plant an additional 500 conifers in the lower field.
8. Did all normal Sanctuary maintenance work.
9. Maintained an active bird feeding program at the Sanctuary.
10. Carried on an active field trip schedule with school groups and other youth organizations.
11. Worked on the staff of several Scout and 4-H leader training courses.
12. Answered numerous phone calls and letters from members and friends with regards to problems they had with plants and animals.

My fourth year has been a busy year, and by far, my most rewarding year yet at the Pequot-sepos. This past year has seen the completion and opening of our new Trailside Museum. This is unquestionably the greatest single achievement in the brief history of the Sanctuary. With the new Museum in complete operation this fall, and a little cooperation from the local school districts, your Sanctuary should really start having an impact on the people of this area in the fields of conservation and natural history.

Again I would like to remind you, that this is your Sanctuary. Without your ever increasing interest and support the Pequot-sepos could not exist. I would like to invite you again, as always, to visit your Sanctuary—enjoy your new Museum—walk the trails which you help maintain—and take an active part in the many activities and services which are offered.

Skunks Bring New Problem

That familiar "little stinker," the skunk, now appears to be the cause of a more serious problem than its scent.

Skunks, it is pointed out by Dr. Ralph E. Heal, executive secretary of the National Pest Control association, can be a reservoir for rabies and as such can transmit this dangerous disease to other wild animals, to dogs and other pets, and even to man.

The spread of rabies among skunks, however, has made this animal a new menace and has emphasized the importance of keeping it as a safe distance. Dr. Heal pointed out that while the incidence of rabies among most domestic animals has decreased sharply over the past 20 years, it has generally been increasing among wild animals—including skunks.

Annual Report of the Treasurer

27 June 1960 to 25 June 1961

RECEIPTS

Cash at Washington Trust Co. 6/27/ 60	\$ 9,720.63	\$ 2,793.29
Cash at Groton Savings Bank 6/27/60	872.36	872.36
Cudd & Co. ten year 4% loan	10,000.00	
Anonymous contributions	600.00	
New Year Dance	2,244.00	1,955.00
Annual Tea	1,620.44	1,058.92
Trading Post Sales	2,314.65	1,692.91
Membership	4,845.00	3,882.00
Interest and dividends	526.77	
Special Gifts	427.00	465.00
Contribution Box	69.00	74.65
Museum building fund	10,215.37	5,987.00
Lectures (2)	18.37	360.58
Museum Rental (2)	20.00	
Curator's teaching fee		750.00

Total \$43,493.59

DISBURSEMENTS

Curator's Salary	\$ 4,321.38	\$ 3,930.81
Museum Attendant	94.50	
Museum maintenance	259.48	402.88
New Year Dance	778.78	921.58
Postage and Printing	1,140.86	759.17
Telephone, electricity, fuel oil	583.77	50.03
Tools and equipment	405.78	1,273.69
Trading Post	1,983.75	1,299.65
Taxes	178.75	118.74
Insurance	581.79	69.28
New Museum	17,741.44	
Curator's Residence	1,859.54	
Cudd & Co.	694.66	
Miscellaneous	55.73	147.76

Total Expenditures \$30,680.21

Cash Washington Trust Co. 2,813.28 9,720.63

Cash Groton Savings Bank 10,000.00 872.36

Total \$43,493.59

ASSETS

Cash at Washington Trust Co.	\$ 2,813.38
Cash at Groton Savings Bank	10,000.00
25 shares Dupont @ \$218.00	5,450.00
1 share IBM @ \$475.00	475.00
4 shares General Motors @ \$45.50	227.50
Petty cash at Trading Post	114.39
Trading Post inventory (cost price)	757.59
Pledged to Building Fund	100.00
Chevrolet truck (dealer's appraisal)	350.00
Tools, tractors, mowers, etc. (depreciated)	200.00
Museum Building	25,000.00
Curator's residence, cost to date	1,859.54

\$47,347.40

LIABILITIES

Cudd & Co. 4%, ten year loan	9,400.00
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NEW YEAR DANCE

	1961	1960
Profit on New Year Dance	\$ 1,465.22	1,023.42

ANNUAL TEA

Profit on Tea	1,620.44	819.07
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TRADING POST

	1961	1960
Sales July 1, 1960 to June 25, 1961	2,314.65	1,692.91
Stock and cash on hand, June 25, 1961	871.98	632.97
	\$ 3,186.63	2,325.88
Stock and cash on hand, June 30, 1960	632.97	
Purchases to June 25, 1961	1,983.75	
	2,616.72	
Profit before taxes	569.91	440.62
State Sales Tax	17.80	28.00
	552.11	412.62
Net profit		

NEW MUSEUM

Contributions to building fund	\$16,202.37
Pledged	100.00
5 shares General Motors stock	227.50
1 share IBM	475.00
	17,004.87
Cost of construction	17,741.44
Deficit	* 736.57

CURATOR'S RESIDENCE

Cost to date	\$ 1,859.54
Estimated total completion cost	13,500.00

Respectfully submitted,
M. D. MacGregor
Treasurer

Note: * A keen-eared member, noting the deficit still remaining on the new Trail-side Museum building, carried the unhappy figure home, with the result that in a day or two following the meeting, a gift of \$500 was received from an anonymous donor, with a note saying: "This is to help reduce the deficit." And that it did.

Hawk Migration Field Trip Planned

Saturday, September 9

6:00 a.m.

(The hawk migration field trips to Mount Tom conducted for the past two years in September have proved so successful that it is going to be repeated again this year under the same general arrangements. Your Curator)

The observation of migrating hawks in the fall of the year is one of the more interesting facets of bird watching. Hawks are not commonly observed in day to day birding by the average person, so that learning to identify the various species is quite difficult. Many above-average birders are almost at a complete loss when it comes to the birds of prey.

There are many places in eastern North America where it is not uncommon to be able to observe several thousand hawks in a single day. Of course, the weather conditions must be absolutely perfect to get a flight of this magnitude. Your Curator has talked at length with some of the more active members of the Sanctuary and plans have been formulated for a hawk trip this September. Plans to visit Hawk Mountain Sanctuary in Pennsylvania were discussed, but the uncertainty of foretelling in advance the weather conditions, the right time for the good flights, and the distance involved, have ruled Hawk Mountain out for this year. Instead, a more flexible plan has been agreed upon.

Mount Tom, near Northampton, Mass., has good flights of hawks in September, and it is only about three hours driving time from the Sanctuary. Again, it will be virtually impossible to predict in advance the weather conditions conducive to a good hawk flight. The date we have chosen, Sept. 9, is certainly within the period of the best and most spectacular flights. About all we can do is hope for the

best, be at Mt. Tom by 9:00 a.m., and wait.

Hawks or no hawks, the trip will not be a loss in any stretch of the imagination. In the past years, we have found land birding, fall migrants, to be most rewarding. We are on a high point for observation, and this is to our advantage. We also have another ace up our sleeve.

The Arcadia Wildlife Sanctuary, of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, is located at the base of Mt. Tom, in Northampton. Arcadia is one of the older and best developed sanctuaries in Mass., and a tremendous amount of work has been done in planting to attract wildlife. If the hawk flight is not up to par, or is non-existent, we will go to the Arcadia Sanctuary and spend part of the day with Ed Mason, the curator. We have been to the Arcadia in past years and it has proven to be a most worthwhile experience. It is suggested that all persons attending this field trip bring a box lunch and beverage. If you drive your own car you can leave the area whenever you wish. If you go with the Curator, plan to be back at the Pequot-sepos between six and seven that evening.

Notice

The regularly scheduled Sunday Nature Walks, now starting from the Trailside Museum at 7 p.m., will start at 2:30 p.m. beginning with November 5, and continue at this hour through Easter. These winter walks give opportunities for study of native trees and shrubs in winter conditions, as well as work on birds, ferns, mammals, etc. Walkers gather around an open fire for warmth and refreshments in the Trailside Museum, following the walk.

The shrew weighs only half an ounce, yet it has nature's most ravenous appetite. It burns energy so fast that, denied food, it will starve to death in hours!

THE OPOSSUM is by all odds our most anatomically peculiar mammal, and our most constant, says Dr. Roger W. Barbour in the magazine of the Kentucky Department of Fish and Wildlife Resources. He uses that long, naked tail as a fifth hand, rarely hangs by it. (John Kieran disagrees — he says he “often hangs by it while feeding in fruit trees.”) He hunts by night, secludes himself all day, and will play possum when disturbed. At birth he is about the size of a honeybee, and very immature. His forelimbs have stout claws at birth, but his hind limbs and tail are mere buds, and his head appears to be little more than a swelling with a hole in it for a mouth. He uses those foreleg claws to crawl hand over hand into mother’s pouch and finds his feeding station there immediately. Mother rarely provides more than thirteen dairy bars and it is first come, first served; so that if there are more than twelve other brothers and sisters, the last are doomed. They emerge when about two months old and crawl about on mother. They remain in this restricted little world until they are about a hundred days old. When fully grown they may destroy poultry, but this is more than made up for by their value as scavengers and destroyers of pests. Not to be confused with the raccoon, which has a bushy tail, nowadays seen on boys’ bicycles and on Davy Crockett caps. In the days of John Held and the boop-boop-a-doop girl, the raccoon was very popular as a coat for football games. He has been in and out of fashion since the days of Daniel Boone, but the Opossum has never been very modish, although he has been around, virtually in the same form, for more than seventy million years.

Few if any of our early spring flowers are better known and more highly appreciated than the famous flower known in the New England states by the name of Mayflower, the Trailing Arbutus (*Epigaea repens* L.). The name has its origin in the legend of Whittier’s poem as being the first wild flower to greet the Pilgrims after their

landing at Plymouth Rock. The legend has it that after the first dreadful long cold such as often characterizes the New England winter, this was the first flower to greet the nature-loving Pilgrims, and its very sight so inspired them with hope and courage that their vigor and determination were renewed. Looking down at the lovely flowers, they exclaimed: “God be praised; we will call it Mayflower, in honor of the ship that bore us across the sea to safety.” In the cold mountains of New England the flowers may often be found in blossom far into May.

—Wild Flowers of the Alleghanies,
by Joseph E. Harned

NOW THAT POISON IVY is at hand, if you are fortunate to have in your grounds the common weed known as jewel weed, or touch-me-not, you may be lucky, indeed. Your editor was, and found this weed, crushed, quite effective. The spotted touch-me-not bears an orange-colored flower, in shape similar to the snap-dragon. The pale variety’s flowers are a pale yellow. The name refers to the way the seed pod impatiently flies to pieces and curls up when touched. The stems are glassy in appearance and have noticeable swellings at the nodes, are found, when crushed, to be gorged with a watery juice. Botanically it is aptly named **Impatiens**, though it is commonly known as jewel-weed, silver cup, wild balsam, lady’s ear drops, snap weed and wild lady’s slipper. Call it what you will, but it is one of Nature’s blessings. If your case is mild and localized, simply crush a single stem against the infected area, repeating the application as often as possible. To allow the affected part to bake in the sun until the juice has dried, is excellent. If the case is more severe, a poultice made of the crushed stems is effective, but the combination of jewel weed and sun, alternating, is worth the extra time it takes.

Combat

We were about to wash the family car. We had carried the hose to the car and turned on the water when we noticed something odd on the hood. A battle was taking place and it was no mere fisticuffs affair — it was all in deadly earnest. An ordinary black ant and a common measuring worm were in mortal combat. The ant had the inch-worm by the scruff of the neck. We looked at our watch and it was just five o'clock.

If you know your measuring worms, you know that this one would have four good feet beneath his hinder parts, with which he gracefully arches his body for the inch forward, or, at night, we are told, he uses them to support himself in a night-long perpendicularity, looking for all the world like a brown twig. Now with these four grips he was able to get sure footing on the slick finish of the car. The ant had not this advantage. His feet kept slipping, but he hung on, sometimes indeed in mid-air, and sometimes waved about like an agitated semaphore by the worm's attempts to shake him loose. The worm would squirm into odd shaped knots in an effort, apparently, to rid himself of his adversary by the scraping method, but the ant held on. Sometimes he would clamp his tiny legs about the worm's body, but mostly they were flaying in air.

At five-twenty there was a fall. The worm's four feet, in one of those unpredictable chances of battle, came loose and momentarily he was laid prone by his black antagonist. The brown and slender fellow did not give up so easily. He recovered himself, arched his back and the battle went on.

But the car-wash could not wait forever. We began, working tentatively on the rear; but gradually we turned our hose closer and closer to the battle, always leaving a little spot dry for the field of operations. Spray fell upon them, a stream of water came perilously close to washing them both away, but the two opponents were disturbed by none of it.

At six both began to tire. They would occasionally lie flat, still in their deadly

clinch, only to rise again, squirming, waving in air or involved again in the knot technique.

At six-thirty we are called to dinner. We came out between courses to check. At seven the inch-worm began to fail. His endurance was running out. But so, too, was the ant's, although that hold never loosened for a second. The two lay together for longer and longer minutes, motionless, too tired to continue. Now there were only occasional renewals of action.

At seven-thirty the inch-worm expired. It was a dubious victory, for the ant was too exhausted either to devour his prize or drag it away to share with others. He lay across the tubular body, jaws still locked in his opponent's flesh. We took the edge of a book of matches and gently brushed them off into the drive. The black legs flailed with sudden wildness as the two fell to the ground, still wedded in that fatal embrace.

We drove away, thinking that the human species is not, as we had so often thought, the most tenacious of life. Where could you find two boxers, A-1 grade, prime condition, who could endure for so long a period? **Constitution** and **Guerriere** with 700 men engaged on both sides, lasted for thirty minutes. **Boxer** and **Enterprise** for an hour and forty-five.

These two miniscule gladiators had been at it for two hours and a half.
B. M. S.

Letter to Curator

Tower Street School
Westerly
7/13/61

Dear Mr. Wiley,

Thank you for showing us your animals and birds and for giving us information on each one.

It was very interesting to hear that every living thing is female and male even trees.

I never knew that inside a certain plant there was a wick.

Your friend,
G. J.

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Members, now totaling over 600, reside in eighteen states and the District of Columbia.

Membership is open to everyone. The present membership includes both amateurs and professionals in natural history subjects and many who recognize the Sanctuary's educational influence in community life.

Four members are elected to the Board of Trustees annually to serve for terms of five years each. The Officers of the Sanctuary are elected annually by the Board of Trustees.

BECOME A MEMBER OR GIVE NOW! On the bottom of this page you will find a form for your membership application or contribution. All memberships include a subscription to our quarterly bulletin, *Pequot Trails*, and have the privilege of participation in all scheduled events.

TAKE AN ACTIVE PART! Opportunities will be offered for participation in field trips, Sanctuary visits, committee work and many other activities.

HERE IS AN OPPORTUNITY to affiliate now with an organization actively engaged in the promotion of a worthy community program of conservation education and recreation.

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The Pequot-sepos Wildlife Sanctuary

Mystic, Connecticut

Date

Please enroll me as a member of the Pequot-sepos Wildlife Sanctuary for the year ending
, 19..... I enclose payment for the class of membership checked below.

() *Regular*: \$5.00 annually

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() *Contributing*: \$10.00 annually

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M.....

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